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Saint *PATRICK*'s
P R O P H E C Y.



HE Nature and End of Divine Prophecy having been learnedly discuss'd by that excellent Theological and Political Prelate of our Church, Dr. *Thomas Sherlock*, *secundum usum SARUM*, we shall not attempt any thing in its Defence. The true Motive of publishing this Paper is, to do Justice to the Patron Saint of the good Kingdom of *Ireland*, and totally obviate the Prejudices conceived by the Ignorant against the most learned Science of Astrology.

For a farther Vindication of this famous Art, we shall refer to the Prophecy here produced; the Original of which is the genuine Production of the Saint above mentioned: The Translation here given of it is above two hundred Years old; for it seems to be written near the End of *Henry* the VIIth's Reign, and was found in a very reclusè subterraneous Cavern, and brought to light by

our truly orthodox Dean in the Year 1709.
We have given it faithfully Word for Word,
in the old Orthography, and subjoined thereto
the explanatory Notes he made.

*Seven and Ten * addyd to nyne,
Of Fraunce hir Woe thys is the Sygne;
Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke sans metbyngo Shoes ne Hoxen:
Then comyth foorth, Ich understonde,
From Toune of Stoffe to fattyn Londe,
An berdie Chistan, Woe the Morne
To Fraunce, that evere he was borne.
Than shall the Fyshe beweyle his Bosse;
Nor shall grin Berrys make up the Losse.
Yonge Symnele shall again miscarrye;
And Norways Pryd again shall marrey.
And from the Tree where Blesums fele,
Ripe fruit shall come and all is wele.
Reaums shall daunce bonde in bonde.
And it shall be merye in olde Inglonde,
Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
And no Man shall be sorie therefore.
Geryon shall have three Hedes agayne,
Till Hapsburge makyth them but twayne.*

* By another Copy lately discover'd, we find it thus:

*When one, seven, three, are join'd to nyne,
Of Spain her Woe this is the Sygne.*

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Seven and Ten. This Line describes the Year when these Events shall happen. Seven and Ten makes Seventeen, which I explain Seventeen Hundred, and this Number added to Nine, makes the Year we are now in; for it must be understood of the Natural Year, which begins the First of *January*.

Tamys Rivere twys, &c. The River *Thames* frozen twice in one Year, so as Men to walk on it, is a very signal Accident; which perhaps hath not fallen out for several Hundred Years, before and is the Reason why some Astrologers have thought that this Prophecy could never be fulfilled, because they imagined such a Thing would never happen in our Climate.

From Toun of Stoffe, &c. This is a plain Designation of the Duke of † *Marlborough*: One kind of Stuff used to fatten Land, is called *Marle*, and every Body knows that *Borough* is a Name for a Town; and this way of Expression is after the usual dark Manner of old Astrological Predictions.

Than shall the Fyshe, &c. By the *Fish* is understood the *Dolphin* of *France*, as their

† This we conceive to mean the present Duke, from the late Honours shower'd down on his deserved Merit.
Kings

Kings Eldest Sons are called : 'Tis here said, he shall lament the Loss of the Duke of *Burgundy*, called the *Bosse*, which is an old *English* Word for *Hump-Shoulder*, or *Crook-Back*, as that Duke is known to be ; and the Prophecy seems to mean, that he shall be overcome or slain. By the *Green Berrys* in the next Line is meant the young Duke of *Berry*, the *Dauphin's* Third Son, who shall not have Valour or Fortune enough to supply the Loss of his Eldest Brother.

Young Symnele, &c. By † *Symnel* is meant the Pretended Prince of *Wales*, who, if he offers to attempt any Thing against *England*, shall miscarry as he did before. *Lambert Symnel* is the Name of a young Man noted in our Histories for personating the Son (as I remember) of *Edward the Fourth*.

And Norway's Pryd, &c. I cannot guess who is meant by* *Norway's Pride*, perhaps the Reader may, as well as the Sense of the two following Lines.

Reaums shall, &c. *Reaums*, or, as the Word is now, *Realms*, is the Old Name for *Kingdoms* : And this is a very plain Prediction of our happy *Union*, with the Felicities

† This likewise we conceive, from a late Copy of this Prophecy, may allude to the eldest Son of the Chevalier *de St. George*, who now makes no small Figure in *Italy*.

* *Norway's Pride*, tho' at such a Distance of Time, must most evidently point out to us Cardinal *Fleury*, the greatest Minister *France* ever produced.

that shall attend it. It is added, That *Old England* shall be no more, and yet no Man shall be sorry for it. And indeed properly speaking, *England* is now no more, for the whole Island is one Kingdom, under the Name of *Britain*.

Geryon shall, &c. This Prediction, though somewhat obscure, is wonderfully adapt: *Geryon* is said to have been a King of *Spain*, whom *Hercules* slew. It was a Fiction of the Poets, that he had Three Heads, which the Author says he shall have again; that is, *Spain* shall have three Kings; which is now wonderfully verify'd: For besides the King of *Portugal*, which properly is Part of *Spain*, there are now two Rivals for *Spain*; * *Charles* and *Philip*: But *Charles* being descended from the Count of *Hapsburgh*, Founder of the *Austrian* Family, shall soon make those Heads but Two; by Overcoming *Philip*, and Driving him out of *Spain*.

Some of these Predictions are already fulfilled; and it is highly probable the rest may be in due Time: And I think, I have not forced the Words by my Explication into any other Sense than what they will naturally bear. If this be granted, I am sure it must be also allow'd, that the Author was a Person of Ex-

* *Charles* being dead, *Lewis XV.* is the Comperitor; so that our Prophecy still holds good.

traordinary Sagacity; and that Astrology brought to such a Perfection as this, is by no means an Art to be despis'd. As to the Tradition of these Lines, having been writ in the Original by St. *Patrick*, I confess, I lay not much Weight upon it: But it is enough to justify their Authority, that the Book from whence I have transcribed them, was printed 170 Years ago, as appears by the Title-Page.

P O S T S C R I P T.

WE think there cannot be a more proper Postscript to a Prophecy, than An Hospital for Fools: Such an Edifice was lately erected by Parson *Miller*, Play-wright and Political Preacher, who being little versed in Architecture, committed so many Blunders, that his Building was pulled down by the Populace.

However a most regular Pile, upon so useful Plan, was formerly erected by *William Walsh* Esq; whose Materials, like Rogues who help at a Fire, the said Parson run away with; but, for Fear of farther Conviction, he was forced to acknowledge the Owner.

THE

HOSPITAL of FOOLS.

SCENE, A HALL.

ÆSCULAPIUS sitting in Judgment.

MAKE the *Third* Proclamation, **MER-**
CURY.

MERCURY.

O—Yes! O—Yes! O—Yes! * **WHEREAS**
daily Complaints are made by all the World,
of the innumerable Follies of Mankind, by rea-
son of which they are neither happy them-
selves, nor will suffer others to be so: The
great *Jupiter*, out of his fatherly Compassion
to Mankind, has sent *Æsculapius* to apply
Medicines to them. Whoever therefore there
is, that is troubled with *Folly* of what kind
soever, let him repair hither, and he shall be
cured without any Fee.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What shou'd be the Meaning of this? E-
very particular Man complains of the Follies
that are in the World; and when we come
hither to apply Medicines to them, there is
not one Man that offers himself to be cured.

* The *Norman* Word *Oyez* is *Hear*, now corrupted from
O—yez to O—yes.

ÆSCULAPIUS: Or,
MERCURY.

If I might be allowed to advise *Æsculapius* in Points relating to *Phyfic*, I would tell him there is one Thing in this Disease of *Folly*, different from all other Kind of Diseases; which is, that the Men can easily find the least Symptom of it in other People, yet there is no Man that perceives the greatest in himself. I think it therefore adviseable to make Proclamation, that every Man should give Notice of what other People he knows, who are troubled with this Disease.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Let it be as you say.

MERCURY.

O--Yes! O--Yes! O--Yes! WHOEVER has any Relation, Friend, or Acquaintance, that is troubled with *Folly* of whatever Kind, let him bring him hither, and he shall be cured without any Fee.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

See! see! What Crouds are getting together! Every Man seizes his next Neighbour, without any Deliberation at all; and they come willingly too, because every Man seems ready to accuse the other.

First MAN.

Here, Sir, I have brought you a *Fool* to be cured.

Second MAN.

Pray, Sir, take *this* first, for he is *dangerously* ill.

Third

Third MAN.

Take Pity upon *this*, good Sir, for he has
a *Complication of Folly* upon him.

MERCURY.

Pray, Gentlemen, have a little Patience;
You shall be all cured, one after another.

First MAN.

Nay, for my Part, I have no Occasion for
myself.

Second MAN.

How! no Occasion, Neighbour; I wish,
for your own Sake, you had not. For my
Part, indeed——

Third MAN.

Prithee, good Neighbour, hold thy Tongue.
What! *cuckolded* and *ben-pecked*, and pretend
to be free from *Folly*?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, keep the Croud off with your *Ca-*
duceus; and bring the Patients up in Order.

MERCURY.

Stand off there, Gentlemen, and do not
press upon us so. Here, you old Fellow,
come in here with your Patient: Make your
Reverence to *Æsculapius*, and tell him what
you would have.

Old MAN.

An't please you, Sir, this young Man is
a Kinsman of mine. He came very young to
a great Estate, half of which he has made a
Shift to squander away already; and he is
in great Danger of doing so by the rest in a

short Time, if you do not cure him of his *Folly*. I have taken a great deal of Pains in advising him, but all in vain. If he could not live upon his whole Estate, I asked him how he hopes to live upon the Half? And if he spent his Estate when he was young and able to get one, what would become of him when he was old, and past getting one? But when I talk to him, he laughs at me, and that is all the Thanks I have for my Pains.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, put him in the Hospital; Care shall be taken of him.

Young MAN.

I desire, Sir, that you would please to hear me first, and judge whether it is this old Man or I who have most need of your Medicines. I confess, indeed, that what he says is true. But pray consider, that I spend this Estate in pleasing myself; and were it not a great *Folly* to debar myself of Pleasures for the *present Moment*, which is all I am sure of, for fear of not having Means to enjoy them in a *future Time*, to which I have no Security that I shall ever arrive. But, granting I were certain of Life, is it not a Madness to waste all my Youth, which is the only Time we are capable of Pleasure, to lay up Wealth, which we are to make Use of in an Age when we are not capable of any Pleasure at all? But this old Man, who has the Confidence to accuse me, does ten Times worse. He did not
only

• *The Hospital of Fools.* 5

only heap up Wealth all his Youth, but he continues to do so still; and though his Age, and the Infirmities of his Body give him hourly Notice that he can hardly live one Year longer, yet is he at his Usury, his Extortion, and a hundred Ways to hoard up Wealth, as if he were to live ten Thousand Years.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

A very palpable *Folly* indeed. *Mercury*, put him aside too.

Young MAN.

I did not doubt, Sir, but that I should convince you at last. I may go away now?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

How, Friend! Does that Man's being a *Fool* hinder you from being a *Fool* too? If it be a *Folly* in him to *heap* up Money that he can never probably live to *spend*, Is it not a *Folly* therefore in you to *squander* away that Money which probably you will live to want? Take Care, *Mercury*, that they may be both put in the Hospital.

MERCURY.

It shall be done. In the mean time here are some others.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Gentlemen, what have you to say?

First MAN.

This, Sir, is a Friend of mine, an honest, good-natur'd Man as lives; but he has a *Wife* who makes him the greatest *Fool* in Nature; and though she abuses him in the grossest

6 ÆSCULAPIUS: Or, .

fest Manner imaginable, insomuch that half the Town laugh at him, yet is he himself blind to that in his own House, which any Stranger sees. Here is *one* who has been often found with *her*, and who can tell you more, if you examine him.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Sir, and what can you say?

Second MAN.

All that I can say, Sir, is, that the Gentleman is a very worthy *Gentleman*; and his Lady a very fine *Lady*. He has often, indeed, bragg'd to me of the Happiness of a marry'd Life. I thought the best Way to find out this Happiness, was in going to his Lady, who has fully convinced me of all her Husband said. But as I have a perfect Friendship for the Gentleman, I must confess, Sir, I am as well satisfied with his having a fine *Wife*, as if I had *one* my self.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

He has a fine Time on't, the mean while.

HUSBAND.

I confess, Sir, I have nothing to say in Contradiction to these Gentlemen. All that the one says, and the other would insinuate, may be true for aught I know, nor do I think it much worth my while to enquire after it. Half the Town, the first says, laugh at me for being a *Cuckold*; and he would have me make it public, that the other Half might

might laugh at me too. But pray let us consider how much wiser he acts: He marry'd a *Wife*, who by the way is not extremely taking; and yet you cannot imagine what Care, what Contrivances, what cunning Stratagems, this wise Person made Use of to search out a Thing, which, after all, he did not care to find. And though with all his Buffle he could find out nothing that really made against her, yet he has cast her off with Infamy and Shame, chiefly indeed to himself, for using a Woman ill who never gave him Occasion for it. If there be so many who laugh at me for a tame Husband, let him hearken after his own Concerns, and he will find a much greater Number who rail at him for a base and ill-natur'd one.

Now for this brisk *Monfieur* here, for this *finished* Gentleman, who can with so much Delicacy rally the poor *Fools* that marry! So very ingenious a Person, no doubt, acts much more wisely himself. Lord, how is his Estate divided? One Part upon Taylors; another upon Milliners; a third upon Perfumers; a fourth upon Perriwig-makers. All his Time spent between the Toilet, the Play-house, the Park, and Drawing-Room. And upon what noble Design, pray, is all this Time and all this Money wasted? Even, Gentlemen, that this most charming Person of his may attain that with all this Cost which I received Twenty Thousand Pounds for doing.

Would

Would his Niceness be contented with the Meat that had been tumbled, and cold upon my Trencher? Truly, Sir, his Happiness is little more than this: I that am the *Fool*, come to her when I will, stay with her as long as I will, and command her as I will; while this wise Gentleman is waiting a frosty Night under her Window, breaking his Brains for Songs and Billets for her; bribing her Women, losing his Rest, and venturing the being abused, kicked down Stairs, and having his Throat cut whenever he happens to be found out.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Very great *Fools*, truly, all *Three*! Is it not strange, *Mercury*? One would think every Man wise, when we hear him talk of *other Peoples Concerns*; and yet we find them all *Fools* when we look into their own.

MERCURY.

Alas, *Æsculapius*, how should it be otherwise? When a Man is told of his *Folly*, he does not consider whether it be true, and endeavour to mend it: He only considers whether the Man who tells him of this, be not guilty of some *Folly* too; and if he find he is, as I doubt we shall find few who are not, he rests as well satisfied in laughing at him, as if he were absolutely free from all sort of *Folly* himself.

ÆS-

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, old Gentlewoman! What is it you have to say against that young Man?

Old WOMAN.

An't please you, Sir, this young Man is my Husband: He made fair Pretences to me before Marriage, but now he neglects and despises me for every other Woman. Now I appeal to you, Sir, and to all the World, whether it be not a very great Folly, for a Man to tie himself, during Life, to a Woman he does not love?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Yes, without doubt, it is. *Mercury* put them both up.

Old WOMAN.

An't please you, Sir, it is I who make the Complaint.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Very good, Mistress. And if it be a Folly in him to marry a Woman that he does not love, was it not a Folly in you to marry a Man without knowing first whether he loved you or no?

MERCURY.

Here are several other *Wives* who complain of their *Husbands*, and *Husbands* who complain of their *Wives*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Put them in all, without farther Deliberation. For though People may be allowed to be as critical in their Choice as they please

before

C

10 **ÆSCULAPIUS:** Or,
before Marriage, yet when that is once done,
it is a great *Folly* to complain.

MERCURY.

Here are a vast Quantity more of both
Men and Women, brought upon Account of
their Marriage.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

It were an endless Work to hear of every
one who play'd the *Fool* in Marriage. To
save Time, therefore, we will put up all the
married People at a Venture; and if there be
any one who can give us satisfactory Rea-
sons, to prove that he did not play the *Fool* in
it, we will let him out again.

HUSBAND.

No, Sir, I will not go in: No one can say
I committed any *Folly* in marrying.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

How, Friend, marry and commit no *Fol-
ly*! What Wife have you, pray?

HUSBAND.

One who has Wit, Beauty, Virtue, Riches,
and is of a very considerable Family.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

It is very much to be suspected that thou
art guilty of *Folly* in having this Opinion of
her. A Woman with Wit and Beauty, mar-
ry an odd disagreeable Fellow, and not
cuckold him! However, Friend, if it be so,
you may go away, but be sure you send your
Wife in your Place.

Hus-

HUSBAND.

Do you reckon it a *Folly* then in a Woman not to *cuckold* her Husband?

MERCURY.

No, Friend, we do not tell you so. But when a Woman who finds by her Constitution that she shall make any Husband a Cuckold, takes one who is very fit for that Purpose, there are some wicked People who think she does as wisely as a Woman in her Circumstances could. But when a Woman marries a Man who is fit for no other Use than to make a Cuckold of, without a Design of putting him to any Use, that that Woman commits a *Folly*, there was never any one yet could doubt.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

But see what vast Crouds are waiting for Audience; and with how much Eagerness are they set upon discovering the *Follies* of one another? It is impossible for us to hear all the particular *Follies* of which particular Men are guilty. It seems to me therefore by very much the easiest Way, to pick out the wise Men first, and when we have done that, we may apply general Medicines to the rest, without enquiring farther into their particular Distempers. Make Proclamation therefore, *Mercury*, that People may no longer trouble themselves with bringing the *Fools* of their Acquaintance, but henceforward let them bring none but the *wise Men*.

Alas, *Æsculapius*! art thou no better acquainted with the Nature of Mankind than this? Believe me, if we stay here till one Man accuses another of being wise, we may stay till the End of the World. No *Æsculapius*, no; In searching the *Follies* of Mankind, it was necessary to have an Account of them from others, and not from themselves: But if you would search for *wise Men*, you must not ask Mens Opinion of one another, but take what every Man thinks of himself.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Thou art better acquainted with the Humours of Mankind than I am; do therefore as thou wilt.

MERCURY.

O——Yes! O——Yes! O——Yes! Let all those that are *Wise* range themselves upon the Right Hand, and distinguish themselves from the rest.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What is the Meaning of this? Every Man places himself on the Right Side, but one; and they jostle one another for Room with the greatest Violence imaginable! Here you Sir, What are you, pray, who appear so very confidently in the very Head of the *Wise*.

POET.

Who I, Sir? I am a *Poet*.

ÆS-

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well ; and pray, Mr. *Poet*, what Pretence have you to place yourself so confidently before all the rest ?

POET.

Can *Æsculapius* know I am a Poet, and ask that Question ? As much as a Man is above a Beast, so much is a Poet above another Man. It is we who converse with the Gods, and despise the rest of Mankind. It is we who elevate ourselves above the transitory Things that the Vulgar are fond of ; who despise Riches, Glory and Honour, and seek for nothing but Fame and Immortality.

*When conq'ring Death shall ravish from their Eyes
Those trifling Glories that the Vulgar prize,
When Crowns shall fall ; when Empires shall be lost ;
And all that's mortal be dissolv'd to Dust :
Then shall I live immortal in my Fame,
And future Ages shall extol my Name.*

STATESMAN.

I think there is no great Need of convincing *Æsculapius*, how little that Man deserves the Title of Wise, since he himself has been pleased to prove it sufficiently already. I will not say any Thing to the Man himself, or enquire what Pretences he has to the Title of a Poet ; but taking it for granted that he is as good as he fancies himself, yet can any Thing be so ridiculous as the very Design he proposes.

poses. He does not pretend that Poetry makes People happy in this World, because we very plainly see the contrary; but he pleases himself with a vain Reversion of imaginary Honours that he is never to enjoy till he himself is insensible of them. It will be a very great Satisfaction, doubtless, to a Man when he is in the Grave, to think his Verses run as smoothly as ever; and one must be an Infidel to doubt but that the Author of a fine Poem will be extremely considered in the other World.

I do not say this out of any Malice to the Profession of a Poet, nor would I pretend to take a Title from them, though they do not deserve it, but in order to shew you those who do. Do you ask me then who it is that deserves the Title of a *Wise Man*? Whom should I answer, but him who knows how to govern the *State*. If particular Persons of a Community think they have any Title to Wisdom, how much more must they allow that Title to those who are capable of governing the Community? It is they, certainly, who can move Assemblies, who can advise Kings, who can govern Commonwealths, that deserve the Title of *Wise*. How considerable a Figure does such a Man make in a Government? How much is he followed and caressed? What Advantages does he get to himself and Family? And how much is he flattered and adored by these very *Poets* who
would

would vainly arrogate the Title of *Wise* to themselves?

STOIC.

Though I am of a Profession that do not trouble themselves with the Trifles of the World, yet I cannot, I confess, be pleased to see People take a Title to themselves, to which they have not the least Pretence. I might observe here, that considering how Kings are for the most part advised, and Commonwealths governed, a Man has no great Reason to boast of his having a Hand in either. But I shall wave all that as to my particular, and speak to the Employment of a *Statesman* in general. Is there then any thing so ridiculous as for a Man to propose the making himself Great, as the End of all his Actions? The only End a wise Man proposes is the making himself happy: How ridiculous then must he appear, who makes himself miserable, in order to make himself Great? Who seeks the Contempt of the Wise, that he may get the Admiration of Fools? Who leads a false dissembling Life; fawning upon those who treat him insolently, and treating those insolently who fawn upon him? Who values himself upon the bearing other People's Burdens, for which the only Thanks he gets, is Envy, or Contempt: Envy if he succeed, and Contempt if he fail? Should a Man, who came late to an Inn, instead of taking the Rest that was requisite to refresh him for the next

next Day's Journey, enter into Cabals, form Designs, and manage Intrigues to get the best Room in the House, which would make him very uneasy if he fail'd of it; and from which, tho' he succeeded, he must necessarily depart the next Morning; would not this Man appear ridiculously foolish, and contemptible to all the World? And when we see a Man in a World from which he must necessarily depart in a very short Space of Time, instead of preparing himself for what is to follow, waste all that little Time in senseless Cabals, in vain Designs, and in ridiculous Intrigues, to make himself great and powerful; which, if he do not attain it, makes him uneasy; and which, if he do, he must leave immediately again: Is not this Man ten Times more ridiculous, and more foolish than the other? The Man who by his Folly loses his Rest one Night, will without doubt grow wiser, and take a double Share of Rest the next: But, alas! in the other Case, it is quite different; there is no second Opportunity of correcting the first; and he who has spent *one* Life foolishly, will never be trusted with another to employ better.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Wisely urged, O incomparable *Stoic*! The Folly of this Sort of Men is very palpable; and you, certainly, who can so sagely find out their Infirmities, can easily discover to us the Men who are subject to no Infirmities at all.

STOIC.

STOIC.

You judge right, divine *Æsculapius*! it is among us, and only us, that you must expect to find a real wise Man. And our Leaders have taught us, upon a due Consideration of the World, to pronounce all Men mad beside. 'Tis true, their Extravagance does not appear, perhaps, to the Vulgar. But as in a Mad-house, one of the Patients does not perceive *that* Madness in his Companion, which is presently found out by a sober Stander-by: So in this *universal* Madness which possesses the World in general, tho' they do not discover it in one another, yet it is at first Sight apparent to the Eyes of the Sage. Do you ask me then, who is this wise Man that I have mentioned? It is he who places not his Felicity in his Beauty, his Wealth, or his Learning; who desires no Pleasure, who fears no Pain: Whom the Frowns of Fortune cannot deject, nor her Smiles exalt: Who is happy in Prisons, in Banishments, in Torments: Who, if he were broiling in *Phalaris's* BULL, would cry out, *How pleasant is this!* It matters not how many Arrows Fortune aims at him, since he is impenetrable to them all. As there are some Stones so hard, that Iron cannot touch; as Diamonds can neither be cut nor broken; but resist the strongest Force; as Rocks in the Sea break the Fury of the Waves, and, beaten upon so many Ages, retain no Marks

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of its Rage; so is the Soul of a wise Man, solid and firm; and has collected so much Strength, that it remains as safe from all Injuries, as any of the Things I mentioned. But what will you say; is there no one then who will attempt the injuring a wise Man? Yes, they will attempt it, but they cannot perform it: He is elevated so much above the Vulgar, that none of their ill Designs can arrive at him. When that foolish King darkened the Day with his Arrows, there was not one of them which reached the Sun; when the Chains were cast into the Sea, they could not bind the Waves; and those who destroy the Temples, do no Injury to the Divinity: In like Manner, whatever is done proudly, maliciously or insolently, against a wise Man, (who is in nothing different from a God, but in Point of Time) is but attempted in vain.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

O sage! O wonderful! O incomparable Stoic! This, this is a wise Man indeed! Is it possible that People can continue Slaves to their *Follies*, when Wisdom proposes such sublime, such noble Rewards to her *Followers*? But descend a little from this high Region, in which you are placed; conform yourself to the Weaknesses of others; and convince their Stupidity by living Examples of this high Pitch of Wisdom you have so nobly described to them. But what is the Matter with that Man to laugh so? You, there, who stand
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by yourself on the left Side, while all the rest are gotten upon the right.

MAN, Jolus.

Alas! Sir, who can forbear laughing, to see Men hope, by their Pride and Vanity, to exempt themselves from those Infirmities, to which all Mankind are naturally subject? This sage, this wonderful, this incomparable *Stoic*, after all his noble and high-flown Similies, is neither so hard as a Diamond, so firm as a Rock, nor so elevated as the Sun. This mighty Man, who would laugh in *Phalaris's BULL*, yet is liable to Pain and Anguish, as well as the Meanest of the People; the most vulgar Weapon shall hurt him; and the most ordinary Strength shall reach him. This contemplative Person, who has found out the *Follies* of all Mankind, has *one* of his *own* that he does not see, ten Times more extravagant than any of *theirs*: Since there is no Folly, sure, so extravagant, as for *one* who labours under all the Frailties, and Weaknesses, and Infirmities of *Mankind*, to think himself in any wise comparable to the Perfection of a *God*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

* Well, Friend, what are you then, who dare accuse the *Stoics* of Folly, who accuse all the World beside?

MAN.

Alas! Sir, I am a *Fool* too, and am so well convinced of it, that you see I keep by myself

self on the *Left* Side, when all the rest go to the *Right* ; and were I not convinced myself, I have given sufficient Reason to convince any one else, by troubling myself with correcting the *Follies* of *others*, while I have so many *Follies* of my *own* that are uncorrected still.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What are become of all the *Wise Men* then ; are there none left ?

MAN.

If you take every Man's Opinion of himself, never were there so *many* ; if you take their Opinions of one another, never were there so *few*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Are all Men then alike ?

MAN.

No, there are some who are called *Wise*, and some who are called *Fools* ; not but that the wisest Man has a sufficient Stock of *Folly* too. But the best Method I can propose to distinguish Mankind, is by calling those Men *Wise*, who know themselves to be *Fools* ; and those Men *Fools*, who think themselves to be *Wise*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, thou art a swift Messenger, haste away to *Jupiter*, inform him of what we have done, and know his further Pleasure in the Matter : You may tell him, that upon a full Survey of Mankind it appears, That every

ry one has such a *sufficient Share of Folly*, that he has no Reason at all to complain of his Neighbour's having more. That in Answer to those who think their Folly obstructs their Happiness, it is very plain, that the Happiness of Mankind is so complicated with his Folly, that it is impossible to cure them of the one, without endangering the other too. Should we convince the *Fool* who squanders away his Money, that he might live to want it; should we convince the *Fool* who heaps up Treasure, that in a little Time he must die, and have all his Treasure taken from him; should we convince the *Husband*, who places his Happiness in his Wife and Children, that the one cuckolds him, and the other are none of his; should we convince the *Man* who does Things to be eternally famous, that after Death he will have no Sense of Fame, or of whatever is said of him; we should make them all miserable and wretched. On the other Side, by taking away their Folly, we should take away one of the most useful Qualities in the World, since it is very evident, that Mankind live upon the Follies of one another. Were there not *Fools* who sell Estates, what would become of the *Fools* who buy them? Were there not *Fools* who marry, Human-kind would come to an End? Were there not *Fools* of Business, how would the *Fools* that meddle with no Business be managed? Were

Were there not fighting *Fools*, who would protect the *Fools*, that would not fight, from Oppression? And were there not *Writing Fools*, what would the *Reading Fools* do for a Diversion? So that upon the whole Matter I think we had even as good leave the World as we find it. However, if he thinks there ought to be somewhat done in this Matter, after having made so much Noise about it; the most general Folly to Men being that of shewing Severity to other People's Faults, while they neglect those they commit Themselves; he may order a solemn *Proclamation* to be made, *That no Man shall have the Privilege of censuring the Follies of Other People, till he can bring a Certificate, under the Hands of Three judicious Neighbours, that he has none at all of his Own.*

F I N I S.